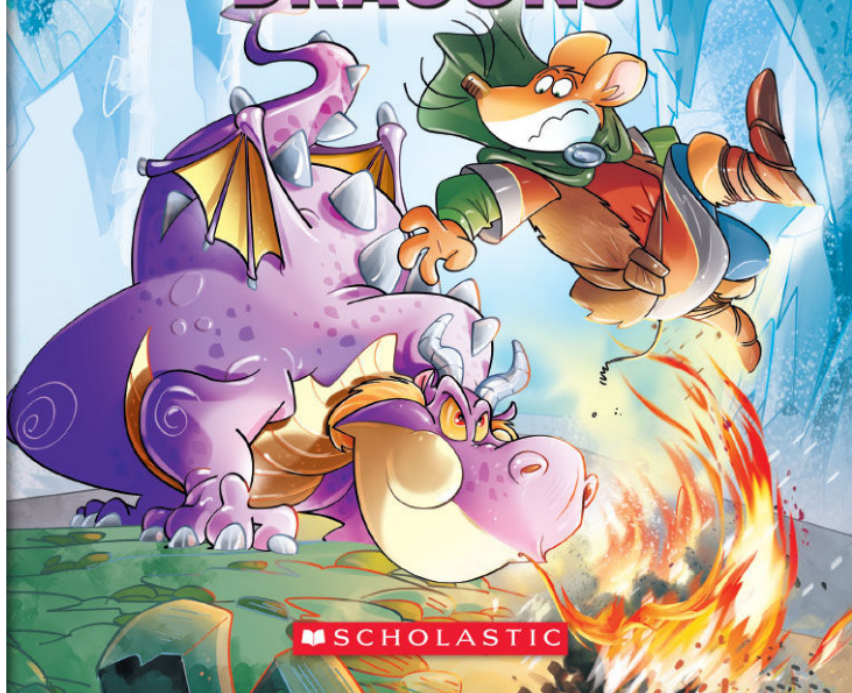




Geronimo Stilton

MICEKINGS

ATTACK OF THE DRAGONS



Welcome to the Ancient Far north . . . And the World of the micekings:

WHERE THEY LIVE:

Miceking Island

CAPITAL:

Mouseborg, home of the Stiltonord family

OTHER VILLAGES:

Oofadale, village of the Oofa Oofas, and Fe village of the vilekings

CLIMATE:

Cold, cold, cold, especially when the ice blows!

TYPICAL FOOD:

Gloog, a superstinky but fabumouse stew. The recipe is closely guarded by the wife of the chief.

NATIONAL DRINK:

Finnbrew, made of equal parts codfish juice

herring juice, with a splash of squid ink

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION:

The drekar, a light but very fast ship

GREATEST HONOR:

The miceking helmet. It is only earned when a mouse performs an act of courage or
Challenge.

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT:

A mouseking tail (full tail, half tail, third tail,
quarter tail)

EN

EMIES:

The terrible dragons who live in the
Beastgard

meet the stiltonord FAmi

GERONIMO

Advisor to the
miceking chief

TRAP

The most famouse
inventor in Mouseborg

BENJAMIN

Geronimo's nephew

THEA

A horse trainer who
works well with all kinds
of animals

BUGSILDA

Benjamin's best
friend

And the evil drAgons!

SZLLEI

The cook

• •

•

GOBBLER THE PUTRID

The fierce king of the
dragons is a Devourer!

The dragons are
divided into

5

clans, all of
which

are terrifying!

1. Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw —
no cooking necessary.

2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over volcanoes so the steam and smoke good.

3. Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble them delicately to see if they like them or not.

4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash them off.

Scholastic Inc.

Attack of the Dragons

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of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For m
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Ahh, Miceking Winter!

It was an
icy

winter morning in

Mouseborg, the capital of Mic

Island. Snow covered the enti

village, ice dangled from

every

roof, and the

freezing

north wind blew so

cold

that my tail
nearly turned into an
icicle
and fell
off!

Winter here is
truly
shivery
!

Excuse me — I haven't
myself

yet. My name is
Geronimo Stiltonord

,
and I am a
mouseking!

As I was saying,
in

MOUSEBORG

the

winter is very cold, but it's also
peaceful time of year.

Why?

The answer is simple:

dragons
hate the winter! They are
and
the cold and snow cools them
these enormouse,
hungry
creatures
leave
us micekings alone for
months.

Ah, winter! What a
season!

Back to that wintry morn
snoring

under a wool blanket in m
when
a tremendous noise suddenl
me.

“Huh? Who said that?”
yelled.

My whiskers

curled

in fear, but then

I heard the noise
again.

The sound was coming from .

stomach

! It was complaining
because

I hadn't had breakfast yet.

Still in my pajamas,

I
dragged
myself to
the
window, yawning like a bear
of
hibernation. I
peered
outside.

Snow

completely blanketed
village.

There was snow on the mountains
on
the houses, and snow on
roads.

I was looking forward
spending
the day in
my

warm

little house.

“I’ll start with a breakfast fit
for a barbarian!” I announced.

I decided to make a pile of
toast

with two sticks of goat bu
wedge

of stinky

Stenchberg cheese

, a

pan of

scrambled

seagull eggs, and a

big wild blueberry

smoothie. I wanted to keep
it light, so I figured I would
leave out the fjordberry

jam.

Licking my lips in anticipation
my cupboard and . . .

Great groaning
glaciers!

Oh no!

The bread was . . . gone! The
was . . . gone! The eggs
Stenchberg
cheese, the wild blueberries .

..

all gone!

My cupboard was as
empty

as a

groundhog's den in spring.
even

a piece of pickled seaweed
left!

Slurp!

We micekings have a true passion for
the

cold north seas. We also
love

CHEESE

, of course!

the specialties of Miceking cooking

For dessert we love
herring

ice cream topped
with

melted goat cheese, and

PIE

made with

fjordberry

jam and seaweed (2).

It's

delicious!

An ancient miceking

saying

is:

CHEESE IS LIKE FISH

—

THE STINKIER THE BETTER!

I

n fact,

STENCHBERG

CHEESE

(1), one of the

most

prized miceking cheeses,

has

an odor that will make

you

collapse from a thousand
tails
away!

What a smell!

1

2

Tasty!

But the greatest

MICEKING

SPECIALTY

of all is a stew

called

GLOOG

(4). Included in

the

ingredients are

herring

scales, crab claws,

melted S

tenchberg

cheese, and seagull

eggs. Mousehilde,

the wife of our

village chief,

makes the

best gloog
anywhere —
but her
complete recipe
is a secret!

During grand miceking
feasts, we drink

FINNBREW

(3), made of equal
parts

codfish juice and
herring

juice, with a splash of
squid
ink.

Get in line!

3

4

I sighed.

“

But

. . .

but

. . . how can this
be?”

Then it hit me . . . how long has
since I'd gone
shopping?

Squeak!

It was so
cold that I had kept putting
off.

Oh no! My stomach was
again.

There was only one solution:
outside and get supplies. But
facing
the icy north
wind.

BRRRRRRRRRR!

Just
thinking about it made me
shiver!

So cold!

guuurgle!

guuuuuuuuurgle!

To go out in that cold, I had to
on

three

thick tunics,

two

wool coats, gloves, and
fur earmuffs.

I was so busy bundling up that
to

take off my

pajamas

first! So I had to
start all over
again.

When I was finally ready, I saw
the

door, timidly opened it, and . . .

An icy gust of wind cut my
whiskers.

Shivering squids! It was brutally
chilly!

I
plodded
through the snow, pushing
against the

icy wind

to get to the

marketplace.

As I got closer,
the smell of
Stenchberg cheese
tickled
my
nose.

I sniffed the air, enjoying the
delicious aroma, when . .

.

Great groaning
glaciers, I was
so
hungry!

What?

Don't you hear
the dragons?

How embarrassing!

Luckily,

there was no one around. At
what

I
thought.

Suddenly, a big, heavy
rodent

skidded

down the hill and banged
me!

“Draaaaaagon
alert!

Take
cover

, Geronimo!

Do you

hear

those

terrifying

cries?

It's dragons. We're under

attack!”

It was my cousin Trap!

“Dr-dr-dragons?”

I stammered. “Are you sure?”

Trap ducked behind
a mound of snow and
looked

up at the
sky.

Just then . .

.

Trap

The Inventor

Trap is my cousin, and
he's the most famous
inventor in
Mouseborg.

(He's also the only
inventor!)

I test his
inventions
for him, and NONE OF
THEM WORK! I'm always
risking my fur in
the
process. Why, why,
why
does it always have
to
be
me?!

Cousin, you're my
favorite
tester!

My stomach rumbled once ag

embarrassing

!

I

blushed

, and then explained to

Trap, “Sorry, Cousin. I haven’t h

yet, and my empty stomach

some

little

noises. Could you perhaps,

er,

have mistaken it for the roar o

a
dragon
?”

Trap looked at me sternly. “
of
joke

is that, Geronimo? You should
fool rodents with a false
That’s
just not funny.”

“It wasn’t a prank,” I protested
sorry
!”

Trap nodded. “I accept your a

Geronimo. And now you can
testing
my new invention: the
ratsled!”

I noticed that he had a large
strapped to his back. I could s
wooden

boards, hooks, and oiled rope

That looked dangerous!

I shook my head. “Forget it, T

time I test one of your

inventions

, I

risk my

fur!”

“You’re

exaggerating

, Geronimo,”

Trap said. “This is totally safe.

by the end of the test run, y

do

it all over again!”

I sighed. Trap can be
as

stubborn

as a mountain. He won't take
answer!

A

gust

of wind hit me, and I

shivered

. I supposed that anything
would be better than standing
freezing

!

“All right, I'll do it,” I sque

first,
I must eat
breakfast
!”

Trap took me by the arm and

Let's go, Cousin!
happily. "Of course! I would
last
wish of my
best tester
!"

"Last wish?" I
squeaked.

Miceking trAining

On the road, Trap and I ran in
Sven

the

Shouter

, the village chief, followed by
line of micekings in training
were

singing the miceking
anthem.

No matter how cold it
micekings

must train every
day.

Why don't I train with the m
am

what's known as
a

Smarty-mouseking

.

“We train hard all day long!

We fight and kick and swing!

We are brave and we are strong,

For we are the micekings!”

I am all brains and
no
muscles. I hid behind
a
tree, and tried to
make
myself look very,
very
small
, hoping they
wouldn't see
me.
But
Sven

the

Shouter spotted me.

“Geronimo, you good-for-nothing smarty-mouseking! Are you hiding?”

“N-no, I’m not,” I nervously replied. “I was, um, just looking for my notepad.”

“A notepad won’t

help you train on
the
Field of Eternal

sven

The Shouter

Sven is the leader of our
village. All of Mouseborg
admires and respects
him.

He's called "the Shouter"
because he shouts louder
than anyone, and he
shouts all the time.

Mostly,
he shouts AT ME! He
cannot understand
why

I have never earned a
miceking helmet,
our
greatest honor.

Challenges

. You need muscles! And since you're as soft as a jellyfish, train.

Let's go!"

I sighed. "But I'm hungry! I don't want to skip breakfast."

But

Sven the Shouter

didn't care about

my breakfast. He shouted at me

"

Smarty-

mouseking

, no excuses! Get moving
and
train until I can see one little
up on your scrawny arm. So s
Shouter!”

echoed the other micekings
roar.

Trap and I marched with the
Field

of Eternal Challenges, where
miceking training.

I was

not

cut out for that kind of
exercise!

“So says Sven the

WHISKER

LIFTS

Oof!

Oops!

MICEKING PUSH- UPS

First I had to do

three

hundred

push-ups

on

only

one paw! I'm not even

good at push-ups using

both

paws.

After doing only two,

my stomach rumbled
loudly.

The micekings began to shout,
Dragons!

”

Trap snickered. “Hee, hee.
just

my cousin’s stomach.”

Sven turned

red

with rage.

“Geronimo,
lift up that pile of
logs

. . . with your

BOULDERTOSS

Uh-oh!

whiskers!” he
demanded.

I quickly attached the log
whiskers,
and my stomach started to con
The other micekings dropp
ground.

“Take cover!
Dragon alert!
”

Trap giggled. “Relax! It’s just
again.”

Sven grumbled.

“Hey
you,
jellyfish
legs
!” he called
out to me. “Stop
interrupting our
practice. Get over
there and toss some
boulders

.

!

So says Sven the Shouter!”

The micekings echoed
him:

I trudged over to the boulder
to

find one that fit in the palm

But

the

smallest

boulder weighed more
than

I did . . . clothes
included!

I was so

worn out

!

I didn't have enough energy
crumb

of cheese. But I tried to lift the
anyway. My stomach roared
loudly.

The micekings started
around
in terror.

“So says Sven the Shouter

Hee,
hee!

The dragons!

It's an attack!

Grrrr!

“The dragons are coming!”

they

screamed.

Sven the Shouter fumed w

“Great

groaning glaciers,

that’s

enough

! Go

eat some gloog, Geronimo

order!”

“Y-yes, Sven,” I stammered.

Sven turned to the micekings.

taking a break so that Geroni

bothering us with

his

rumbling

stomach

anymore!”

I blushed.

How embarrassing!

But I wasn't too upset. I was
enough

to eat a

mountain

of gloog!

“Everyone, march to my house
ordered.

Achoo! Achoo!

By the time we reached Sven
of

us were as hungry as
bears

coming out
of hibernation.

“

Mousehilde!

I brought some guests,”

Sven called out. “Can you
famous

gloog

for them?”

As you know by now, every r
Mouseborg loves gloog. And
the
Lands
of the North
, there is no gloog as
delicious
as Mousehilde's. She follows a
secret
recipe that the micekings in
have
passed down for
centuries!
But we did not

see

Mousehilde
anywhere.

And the only thing on the k
was
an
empty
stew pot!

Hi!



A
fjord is a long,
narrow ocean cove
between cliffs.

“Wife, where are you?” Sven
Then he frowned. “
Thora!
”

A moment later the most
beautiful
mouseking in the village stepped
kitchen. It was Thora, Sven
Her

eyes were as blue as
the

water

of the fjord,



and her hair was as red as the

sunset

. She

was also the most athletic,
and

courageous mouseking I had o

What a

wonderful

rodent!

“Lower
your voice,
Papa,” Thora said
in a
whisper

.

She pointed to a
pile of blankets
in
the corner. “Mama
isn’t
well.”

“

A

a

a

-

a

c

h

o

O

!

A

c

h

O

O

!

”

“

A

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h

o

o

!

A

a

a

-

a

c

h

o

o

!

Mousehilde

sneezed from under the blankets. Sven rushed to her side. "What is wrong?" he asked.

"She has a barbaric cold," explained the doctor. Sven looked worried.

"What can I do to make it better?"

"She needs rest and warm blankets," the doctor replied.

"But what would really help?" Sven asked. The doctor handed him a packet of wild mint tea.

. It's the perfect cure, passed
down from my g
grandmother's
grandmother.”

Sven scoffed. “Wild mint tea?
take

your mother to

Loki Longsight

!”

”

Mousehilde spoke up in a hoarse
“Why do I need a fortune-teller
have
a little cold.

Achoo!

”

The whole house
rocked
from
Mousehilde’s
sneeze!

“Longsight knows the art of h
herbs,” Sven said. “And I am
see him. That’s
an

order

!”

When Sven shouts an order, n
dares disobey him.

cried the
mice kings.

“So says Sven the Shoute

this cAlls
for Mint teA!

We all headed to Loki Longsig
cave

.
Mousehilde, supported
continued
to sneeze and
cough.

Sven pounded on the door. “Loki
you good-for-nothing fortune-
up! That’s an
order!”
cried the

micekings.

The door didn't open. Then
a

stone

came flying through a slot
door.

The stone hit me right in the p

“So says Sven the Shoute

“

A

c

h

o

o

!

A

a

a

-

a

c

h

o

o

!

”

Then I noticed a piece
of parchment tied
around
it.

“

Geronimo

,

you're as
weak

as

a baby herring. But
you're a

smarty-

mouseking

, so

read it to us!” Sven
ordered.

I read out loud:

“The fortune-teller
will answer many
questions . . . but
only
during the full
moon!

If it’s not raining!

Each answer costs one
wheel of Stenchberg

cheese.”

Loki Longsight is the
village fortune-
teller.

We turn to him when
we have questions, when
we can't find something,
when we're sick — and
any time we don't know
what to do!

Loki Longsight The Fortune-teller

I
s
o
l
v
e

p
r
o
b
l
e
m
s
!

There was more on the other parchment.

“Buy five answers, get one free.

Payment

due in

advance!

”

Sven turned bright
red

. “Loki

Longsight! This is an
emergency

!

Mousehilde needs to get better

so she can make us all
some
gloog
!”

After that outburst, the fo
threw
another
stone with parchment
tied to it. Then
another
, then
another
, and
another

! I
quickly
gathered them up, read
messages.

*“What symptoms does the patient
have? Spots on her nose? Red
ears? A green face? Flat fur?”*
Mousehilde looked insulted,

but before she could say
sneezed
again.

“These are her symptoms,” I
“Sneezing, coughing, and a
like
a
raging river
!”

The slot opened up again and
stone
flew out.

“The fortune-teller has re
answer:

The patient has a
miceking cold

!

She just needs a little rest and a
layer
of wool blankets. Now please see the
fortune-
teller.”

Sven started
shouting

again. “Loki
Longsight, you codfish face
can’t
wait

for this cold to pass on
own.”

He pounded on the door. “We
a

fast

cure, now! So says Sv
Shouter!”

“

A

c

h

o

o

!

A

a

a

-

a

c

h

o

o

!

”

If you need to cure a
cold,
and you need to do it
quickly,
there is one cure to be told:
Drink some wild mint tea!
echoed the
mice kings.

Another note came through the
“

Smarty-mouse king
, what does it
say?” Sven
asked.

“He says to give him a
replied.

Sven frowned, but another no
flew out
a minute
later.

“So says Sven the Shout
As soon as she heard this,
flung
her
rolling pin
at her husband.

“You should have listened to
daughter!” she said. “Thora
you
that her
grandmother’s
grandmother’s
grandmother’s
remedy was the
best!”

Sven shrugged. “Fine, t
growled.

“Thora, run and make some t
mother.”

“You don’t understand!” said M

“Thora can’t —

A

c

h

o

o

!

”

Wild Mint

TASTE:

As icy fresh as
a glacier! One sniff
will
clear your nostrils.

USE:

I
t adds flavor
to any food, and the
mice kings believe it
cures a
cold.

CHARACTERISTICS:

I
t grows only in the

warm summer
months.

I
t can be dried to use in
winter, but doesn't
last
long when there's a
bad
cold
season!

Mousehilde wiped
her nose. "She can't
make
wild mint
tea," she continued.
"What do you mean?
Sven the Shouter

has ordered it!” her
husband
said.

“I know, I know,”
Mousehilde replied.

“But

wild mint

is a summer plant.

Achoo!

It’s been a

bad cold season and
all of the dried mint
in the village is gone.

“

A

a

a

-

c

h

o

o

!

”

A

c

h

o

o

!

”

Bring Your trAvel BAgs!

Sven

frowned

. “This can’t be true.

There

must be some wild
somewhere!”

Then he

questioned

all of the micekings

to try to locate
some.

“I just finished mi
yesterday!”

“Last week!”

“Last month!”

Sven interrupted them. “En
fools!

This is an
emergency
!”

Just then, another
stone

wrapped in
parchment flew out of the slo
I picked it up and quickly rea
tugged

on Sven's cape.

Silence!

Um, Chief?

“Chief, I have to tell you some
said.

“

Later

, Geronimo,” he said. “Can’t
you see I’m
busy?”

But I couldn’t give up. “Excuse
it’s really

important

!”

*

The sulfurous springs contain sulfurous wa
comes out of the ground hot and smells lik
which is why dragons love
it!

“Geronimo, I have
no time
to chat with
a smarty-mouseking!” Sven ro
a

serious problem
: finding some
wild mint. Do you know w
some,
you sniveling
shrimp?”

I faltered. “I . . . I . . . I . . . no
Longsight does!”

Sven exploded. “Why didn’t y
jellyfish brains

? Tell us
everything!

Read us the note!”

I obeyed. “According to th
teller,

there’s only one place
where

wild mint

grows in winter: the sul
springs

*

at the
summit of Eagles' Cliff.”
“

Great groaning glaciers
, there's not a
minute to waste!” Sven cried.
leave immediately!”

“We're ready,
Chief
!” the micekings

shouted. Everyone
was volunteering to
go — that is,
everyone
except
me!

“I don’t need all
of you,” Sven said,
and he turned to me.

“Geronimo, since
you
are the

Smarty-
mouseking

in our
village, you will go
—
even though
you're
as soft as a fish
fillet!

Your cousin
Trap will also go, since
he's already wearing
his travel pack. And
since I don't really
trust you two, your
Thea

The Horse Trainer

My sister, Thea, is
an
amazing
mouseking.

She trains horses and
is good with all kinds
of
animals. She seems to
understand their
moods
and needs. That's
why
she is known as "the
whisperer."

I bet she could even
train a dragon if she
tried!

sister,

Thea

, will come, too. She will

surely

recognize the right

plant.”

I was paralyzed with fear. “But

but . . . I still haven’t

had

breakfast

! I have

to say good-bye to my nephew

And

I don’t have a bag packed!”

“

Save

your excuses,

Smarty-

mouseking

!” Sven boomed. “You will leave now, and that’s an order!”

the micekings
cried.

Sven started shouting again. “The Bring your travel bag for Geron Then I knew I couldn’t refuse longer. What would the brave

Thora

think of me? I hoisted her tra
my back. Oof! It weighed as r
mountain

!

“So says Sven the Shoute

Sven started shouting again.

“Quick! To the dock!” he ordered.
“I will take you on his cat!”

Geronimo,

if you are successful, there might be

mickeying

helmet

for you!”

As soon as Olaf and his

smelly

ship were

mentioned, my whiskers began
to

tremble

with anxiety. I had traveled
before,
and it had been a disaster. But
nothing to do about it. Sven had
decision

! And who knows — maybe I
would earn a miceking
helmet!

trap
and I went to the dock. There
was
waiting for us in front of Ola's
his
miceking boat. He called it Bat

“Where have you been?” Olaf
soon as we arrived. “The sea is
freeze
over. We must leave!”
“Couldn’t I
nibble
on some cheese

Hurry up and get on board!
Not Olaf's
drekar!
We're
here!
before we go?" I asked.
“

Shivering squids!

Do
you think you're going on a
cruise?" Olaf thundered.
“Get
yourself
on board
before I

do it for
you!”

You slipped,
geroniMo!

I climbed on board and dropped
pack, and Olaf

pawed

me an ice ax. He
pointed to a shaky wooden sign
from the dragon-shaped
figurehead

*

at
the front of the
ship.

“Climb on there,
blubberhead
!” he

ordered me. “Use your puny muscles
away the ice in the water
forms.”

“But captain, I get drekar-sick
afraid
of heights!” I
protested.

“Tough!” Olaf said. “We’ll
sink

if you
don’t take care of the

ice!”

“B-b-but —” I stammered.

*

A figurehead is a sculpture that decorates the ship.

“No buts!” Olaf yelled. “Get in
or I’ll toss you in the sea! On
of
Olaf the Fearless!
”

Resigned to my task, I climbed
the
swing that hung just above
water.

First I turned as
pale
as
mozzarella
.

Then I turned as

green

as

moldy

cheese.

And the gusts of

icy

wind practically turned me

into a

frozen fish

!

We sailed up the coast

toward Eagles' Cliff, but

we

didn't get

far.

Poor me!

Don't be lazy!

one

,

two

,

three

“The ice is too

thick

! We can’t sail

any farther,” Olaf declared. “

one

way to continue. By paw

laughed.

“And you should get moving,

want to get

trapped

in the ice
until
spring!”

Great groaning gla

Walking on the
iced

-over sea wasn't
going to be easy. I
managed

to take
steps . . . and then I slipped a
back!

Squeak!

I tried to stand up and slipped
landing on my
tail.

Oww!

“Don’t worry, Cousin,” Trap sa
just what you
need!”

He dug into his big
bag
and started to
take out the strangest things:
wheel
, some spicy cheese sticks .

. .

“Hmm, I was sure I brought t
muttered. “Maybe they’re dov
bottom

.”
.

I sighed. “If it’s another one o
inventions

, I don't have any
intention of testing it!" I told h
Then he smiled. "Four
them!"

He pulled out what
looked
like two
metal
pot lids with straps
attached.

"What are you going to do wi
Thea asked.

"Just trust me!" Trap said.
I wasn't sure what to

think

. He

had me strap the lids to my

feet

, but I

was

confused.

I was spinning
in
circles

!

Trap and Thea
clapped for
me.

I tried to take a step,
but the lids did not

grip

the ice at
all.

I began to

spin

and
tumble
across the ice!

1

2

3

What . . .

Oops!

Help . . .

Ow, ow,
ow!

Then, with a final tumble, I sl
landed right on my
snout.

Brrr, how
icy!

“

Hooray
, Cousin!” Trap cheered. “That
was some pretty
fancy footwork
out there.”

the forest of A
thousAnd scAles

Between
tumbles

, we finally
reached the shore, and I took

terrible

pot lids. But now there was
long

trek ahead of
us!

Thea walked past me, as
quick

and

nimble

as a reindeer.

“Come on, Geronimo. I know
smarty-mouseking, but you n
up!”

she

urged.

I plodded along, out o
breath. “

Pant

. . .

I’m not . . .

puff

. . . used to walking . . .

oof

. . . in the snow.”

“Just breathe in
the

fresh air

!”

she said. “Forward we go!”

There's the
forest!
Pant!
Bated Breath
North Sea
(iced over!)
Mouseborg
THIS WAY

Forest of a
Thousand Scales
THIS WAY

Finally, we reached the
edge
of the
Forest of a Thousand Scales
, an
ancient, thick, and dangerous
had
barely taken a step under
branches
when the strong
gusts
of wind stopped
and a deep silence fell over
us.

What a
creepy

place!

Suddenly . .

.

My stomach's roar echoed
through the forest.

“shh! Quiet!

” Thea

warned me, pointing to
the
trees.

I looked and saw

a

red

bird with a

long

beak,

sleeping
peacefully

.

I moved closer to get a better
look, when . .

.

Oh no! Not
again!

The rumble of my stomach w
up

the cute bird with a
start.

“Don’t just stand there like a
dried anchovy

!”

Thea called out. “Run,
Geronimo!”

“

Move it
, Cousin!”

Trap added.

I looked at them,
confused. “Why
should I run? It’s
just a

sweet

,

Wh-what’s wrong?

The BliTzer

The blitzer is the sleepest
bird on Miceking Island.

It never gets enough sleep
because the slightest
sound

wakes it up, and that makes it very
cranky! If you accidentally wake
one

up, run away quickly, and beware of its

harmless

little bird.”

The bird turned and looked at you
sleepy,

threatening

eyes.

Great groaning glaciers!

“That’s a

blitzer

, and they don’t like
being

woken up!” Thea explained.

lot

about animals. “Stay away from

beak

,

Geronimo!”

Suddenly, my stomach roared

Trap panicked. “Quick! An en

peck

peck

Run!

Hurry!

of blitzers lives here. We
want

to wake them all up.

Run!”

We

scampered

off as fast as a

snow leopard — or at least,
and

Thea did. I am not as
fast

as they
are, so the blitzer
dive-bombed
my head! Then it
pecked
at me
with its pointy
beak!

Ow!

Ow!

Owieeeeeeee!

You found it!

Way to go!

If only I had a miceking helm
to

protect
me!

Why, why, why
was

my sister born with all
athletic

ability? Why did I have to be

Smarty-mouseking
?

I ran out of the forest, frantically
trying to get away from

blitzer.

So I didn't see the
steep

,

tall

, and

very hard

rocky wall

directly in front of me. I ran r
into it.

OUCH!

“Way to go, Geronimo!”

Thea cheered behind me.

“You found Eagles’ Cliff!”

oh, deer!

I gazed
up

at the high, rocky wall
Eagles'
Cliff.

“Do we really have to climb to
very

,

very top

?” I asked. “I still haven’t had
breakfast!”

“We’re so close, Geronimo,” T

“We’ll get the wild mint,

climb

back down,

and get you some food.”

I was about to reply when .

..

Shivering squids, my sto

getting

louder each time!

And

then

...

BOOOOOOOOOOO

A deep rumble rang out from
high. It sounded just like
the
rumble
of my
stomach . . . but
much
louder!

“It wasn’t me this time!” I said
before Trap could blame it
me.

Thea smiled. “It’s just
an
echo
, Geronimo.

Now save your
breath

. You're going to
need
it!"

She was right. The climb
exhausting!

Over the next few hours we
walked
and
walked
and
walked
through the snow and
cold.

Then, suddenly, I had a little
accident
as I tried to climb a very steep
rocky
wall.

1

I slipped on the
ice!

2

So I lost my grip
and
fell

...

3

But luckily I got

snagged
on Trap's
backpack!

I climbed up
again with the
wind
blowing in my face,
freezing
my
ears and my
paws.

Finally, I reached
the top — and saw
a fjordberry bush
with three large
berries
!

“Finally, some
food!” I cried,
drooling

.

But I wasn’t
the
only

Brrr! It was
barbarically
cold!

Uh-oh!

bonk!

one who noticed the
berries

. A

reindeer

stepped up to the bush,

sniffing

it. When it saw me, it began to

scrape

the ground with one hoof and

watch me with angry
eyes.

Thea

slowly

inched toward me. “Don’t
move, Geronimo! Leave it
me!”

My sister began to

gently

pet the
reindeer. It seemed to calm down
it

noticed me reaching for
the

juicy

berries. I

couldn't help it! I was as
dragon!

Ignoring Thea, the reindeer
charged toward me and hit my
head butt

.

Then the reindeer ate all of
the
berries

right in front of my
eyes!

I stood up, brushed off the
snow

, and

then realized that the head
me

right in front of the entrance
cave.

Nice flight!

Heeeeelp!

Thea
sniffed
the air. “We must be near
the
hot
springs
, where the wild
mint
grows. Do you smell the
sulfur
in the air,
Geronimo?”
I nodded, distracted by a

strange
sound

I could hear coming from in
the
cave. It sounded like the
wings.

Great groaning glaciers!

Someone — or
something — was inside that c

Flap

Flap

Flap

Flap

Flap

Flap

Flap

Flap

Flap

Flap

Flap

Flap

A five-star

cAve

“I heard a

noise

in there,” I told Thea

and Trap, but they pushed pas

“Probably another echo,”

“Come

on, let’s

find

that wild

mint!”

We went in. Everywhere we

looked, we saw

smelly

pools

of

boiling,

yellow

sludge.

“

It stinks in here!

”

Trap complained, holding

his

nose.

Once again, I heard
the

strange

sound
of wings.

“Didn’t you hear that?” I asked
on

the back of my neck was stung
up.

But Trap and Thea ignored
determined

to find the

wild

mint

.

Suddenly, they both stopped s
front of me. I peered around
my

heart

jumped

into my throat.

Three

enormouse dragons

were bathing in a stinky
pool!

I recognized one of them: s
the

terrible dragon cook
from

Beastgard

,

Bubbling
water
massages tired
dragon muscles.

THE CAVE OF EAGLES' CIFFL

How delightful!

How peaceful!

How relaxing!

Sulfur powder
brightens tired scales.

Hot sulfurous
water makes for an
invigorating
shower.

the land where the
dragons lived. He had
once tried to cook us
up in a
cauldron!

What was Sizzle
doing here? And who
were the other
two?

“This

SSS

ulfurou

SSS

water ma

SS

age is
truly

SSS

uperb, Chomper!”
the orange dragon
said.

Chomper rolled
over

on the
ground. “And thi

SS

marvelou

SSSS

powder makes
my

SSS

cales

SSS

o

S

hiny,
Bully!” added the

SIZZLE

The Cook

Sizzle is the cook for

the court of Gobbler
the Putrid, the king
of the dragons.
Sizzle
keeps rowdy
dragons
in line with his
copper
soup ladle. He rules the
Dragon Kitchen, where
he prepares tasty
dishes — mostly made
from miceking meat!

purple dragon.

“I always

SSS

keep

my promi

SSS

e

S

!”

said Sizzle. His laugh

echoed throughout

the

cavern

•
“Tell u

SSS

, how did

you convince

Gobbler,

our king, to give you

time off?” asked

Bully.

Sizzle puffed up his

scaly chest. “I earned

thi

SSS

vacation! I am

the be

SSS

t cook in

Bea

S

tgard!”

“Three cheer

S

for

S

SS

izzle,

who

brought

u

SSS

along on his
vacation!” growled
bully

and

CHOMPER

Bully and Chomper
have
been friends since they
were babies. They’re
both
lazy and a bit dim,
and
they never miss a chance
to goof off together.

Bully and Chomper.
Thea nudged me.

“

look

over there! It’s

wild mint!” she

whispered.

Through the clouds of

steam

, my

sister had noticed

some

green

plants

growing between the
rocks.

“How are we supposed to get

too close, the dragons will
smell

us!”

I said.

Thea grinned. “Not if
ourselves

in stinky
slime!”

She gathered a pawful of

the

smelly

sludge

and started to smear it all
over

herself. Trap did the same
smelled

like ancient

rotten

eggs

!

But the thought of the dragon
even

Worse

than the smell. “I’ll just stay behind,” I said. “I can’t mess with the cloak that Benjamin just gave

have an
urgent
appointment back in
Mouseborg. Very, very
URGENT
!”

But before I could make another
Trap splashed me with
sludge
from the
top of my fur to the tip of my tail
pushed
me in front of him.

“That’s our Geronimo, always

FIRST

IN LINE

!” Trap said.

FAREWELL,
MY DEAR THORA!

My whiskers were
trembling
as we
slipped
past the

dragons

, staying close to
the cave walls. As we got close
to the mint plants, I could hear

SIZZLE

and
his companions talking. Their
made my
FUR
stand on end!
Sizzle let out a sad sigh.

“If only I had a ta

SSS

ty fresh mou

SSS

eking,”

he said. “I would prepare a nic

SSS

nack!”

Chomper scratched his back ag

boulder. “I prefer my miceking

he said, “

SSS

erved with a little

SSS

plash of
lemon juice. Do you know how
that way,

S

SS

izzle?”

“Of cour

SSS

e I know how to make it!”

Sizzle replied.

I can cook anything!

“Can you make
grilled
miceking,
cooked with lot

SSS
of fresh herb

SSS
?” Bully
asked the cook.

Sizzle exploded into a laugh th
the entire cave. “

Ha,
ha,

ha!

I

SSS

ee

that you know nothing about c
true cook like me know

SSS

that tho

S

e are

all

SSS

ummer recipes! In

the
winter

, you
make miceking meat into a

SSS
tew!”

“Is miceking

SSS
tew ta

SSS
ty?” asked
Chomper.

Sizzle shook his soup ladle

“You

mu

SSS

t cook the mou

SSS

eking over low

heat

all night,

SSS

o that it will ab

SSS

orb the

flavor

SSS

of the

SSS

pices!” he said, licking
his lips.

My body went as limp as
melted
cheese

.

I was too

terrified

to take another
step!

Oops!

But Thea had just reached the

wild

mint

plants.

She gathered a few sprigs
and

STUFFED

them in her bag. A moment later
followed her and put some mo
into his pack.

I was left behind, alone and
paralyzed

with

fear!

Suddenly . . .

The loud roaring of my
stomach

echoed

throughout the cave! Then it g

The

dragons

whipped around, and . . .

surprised

Thea and Trap next to the

wild mint

!

Sizzle blocked their way, waving

ladle. “Fresh miceking meat! V

SSS

urpri

S

e!”

Bully

let out a cheer. “What luck

Let’

SSS

cook them up for

SSS

upper!”

I was frozen in

fear

. I thought the
dragons hadn't seen me — but t
spotted
me from the corner of his eye.
my surprise, he quickly
HID ME
behind
his long tail.
“

S

SS

tay quiet,” he whispered t
licking
his

fangs

. “I’ll

SSS

lurp you up

later

SSS

o

I don’t have to share your ta

SSS

ty

chop

S

with

anyone.”

Fresh
mice kings!
What a nice
sssurrprissse!

Give them
to me!

Ouch!

This is the end!

I thought.

Farewell, my
dear Thora!

Meanwhile,

SIZZLE

had

tied

up

poor Trap and Thea.

Sizzle was just about to drop T

Thea into a
STEAMING POOL

GREAT GROANING GLACIER
THIS WAS REALLY THE END
when Bully stopped him with
yell.
“

S

SS

top! Who

SSS

ay

S

they

S

ould be
boiled? I want them
roa

SSS

ted! Let me cook
them over those red-hot
rock

SSS

over there!”
“

I
am the king’

SSS

cook!” Sizzle fumed.

“

I

decide how to cook miceking

SSS

!”

Chomper
chimed in.

“

S

SS

o what? Thi

SSS

i

S
n't the king'

SSS
court."

S
izzle did not back down. "Thi

SSS
is my
vacation, remember? I ju

SSS
t brought you
two
lo

S

er

SSS

along with me.

S

SS

o I'm going
to make
the

S

e miceking

SSS

into a

SSS

tew!”

TAKE THE RATSLE

The dragons continued to

argue

as Sizzle

dangled Trap and Thea above

BOILING

water.

Bully's eyes narrowed. "Only C

Putrid can command u

S

.

We don't take

orders

from anyone el

SSS

e!” he growled.

“I’ll tell the king on you!” Sizz

He’ll li

SSS

ten to me!”

“Don’t threaten u

SSS

!” said Chomper.

“I’ve got an idea,”

S

aid Bully. “Let’

SSS

S

hare the miceking

SSS

!

S

SS

o we can each

cook

one however we like.”

FIRE

shot from Sizzle’s nost

missing
my sister by half a
tail

!

“That

SSS

seems fair to me,” he said.

Pull us up!

Help!

“Then let’

SSS

do thi

SSS

!” urged Bully.

“I’m

SSS

o hungry I could eat a mounta
of miceking

SSS

!”

I was still

HIDDEN

behind

Chomper, paralyzed with fe

and

from the

stench

of his scales.

“That’

SSS

not fair!” Chomper cried.

“Why not?” asked Sizzle.

“You don’t know how

to count,” Chomper

replied. “There are

two
miceking

SSS

,
and
three
of u

SSS

!”

Sizzle counted on
his claws. “He’

SSS

right. There are

only

two

of them.”

“Right! So we can’t

cook

ONE EACH

,” said Chomper.

I knew Chomper was

lying

to the others.

What would happen if they kn

hiding me? I had a

guess

, but there was

only one way to find out.

“That’s not true. There
micekings!”

I

BRAVELY

cried out. “Chomper is
HIDING

me behind his back!”

“Chomper! You

TRAITOR

!” Sizzle

fumed.

“Um . . no, there’s no

chubby

mouseking

back here,” Chomper said.

Sizzle

BONKED

Chomper on the
head with his soup
ladle.

“

LIAR!

” Sizzle cried. “That chubby
mouseking
i

SSS

under your tail!”

“Chomper! You

SSS

neak!” Bully said.

“Who are you calling a

SSS

neak?” Chomper
yelled.

Then the three dragons began

FIERCELY

fight one another, just as I
had hoped! Sizzle

flung

Trap and Thea

aside to free his claws, and th

safely

in a pile of sludge.

You liar!

“Let’s

escape

while

they’re

distracted!”

Thea cried.

We

FLED

the cave and ran back to
the

edge of the

mountain

. I looked

down

,
down

,
down

.
It was just a steep, icy
wall.

Over here!
Which way?

“We can’t get down from here!”

“Don’t be a

scaredy-

mouseking,

Geronimo!” Thea scolded. “They

will

follow

us once they realize we’ve escaped.”

“But it’s too steep and icy!” I said.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got a

plan

,” said Trap.

“What kind of plan?” I asked

whiskers

trembling

. Anytime Trap had a plan, I usually ended up risking. He pointed to the big bun back.

“We’ll try out my latest inven

ratsled

!”

He pulled two curved pieces of wood

from his bag, along with some

hooks

,
buckles, oiled
rope
, and half of a wooden
barrel

. Then he worked quickly
put
them together.
“This ratsled is just big enough
all

of us,” he
promised.

Then he handed
wood

helmets

to
me and Thea. “These
will protect your

noggins

. Let’s hop
in and get going!”

“

NO, NO, NO!

”

I protested. “I don’t
like your inventions.
They never work!
”

But Thea jumped
right into the sled.
“Let’s give this a try!”
she said
happily.

“TRUST ME,
Geronimo,” Trap said.
“Put on a
HELMET
and climb in.”

THE RATSLED

A FASTER,
BETTER SLED!

Trap's invention is fast
and spacious! The
curved
wood rails permit the
sled
to glide at
superspeeds.

The safety cords secure
equipment in the seating
area. It's big enough
to
carry three micekings
(depending on their

sizes)

and all passengers **MUST**
wear a helmet.

I couldn't bring myself to do it
Trap, we would end up running

BOULDER

, or a

reindeer

, or a big

TREE

.

I could think of a

dozen

different

ways that sled would make
me

lose my fur

!

DOWN THE SLOPE

Um . . . uh . . .

Get in!

“

HURRY UP

, Geronimo!” Trap urged
as he climbed into the ra
Thea.

“We’ve got to

get moving
!”

But I was too scared. “Um,
can
think

of another plan,” I said.

Trap crossed his
arms

impatiently

and

glared at me. “Quit stalling,
all

become

DRAGON FOOD

!”

“But the ratsled doesn’t
look

SAFE

,” I

protested.

“Come on, Geronimo,” Trap
coaxed me. “Aren’t you
hungry
? Think about
the
feast
that awaits
us in the village. We’ll
celebrate with a
banquet
of
Stenchberg
cheese

and pickled
herrings.

And

Mousehilde
will make us plenty of
gloog
!”

Thea joined in. “What are
you waiting for? For herrings
to jump out of their
bones
and

into your mouth?”

Hearing them talk about
remembered

that I was one

hungry mouseking

! I could

almost smell the aroma of Ster

cheese. I held out my paw,
grab

a

CHUNK

out of the air. And then . . .

My stomach

erupted

in a rumble that was

amplified by the walls of the m
sounded like a

terrifying

roar!

The racket roused the

EAGLES

from

their nests. It interrupted
fight.

And, worst of all, it caused an

Looking up at the very top of
Eagles'
Cliff

, we could see an enormous mass of
snow

rolling

right toward us! Great
groaning glaciers — that wasn't

"We're in

trouble

now!" Trap
exclaimed.

Then the

dragons

burst out of the cave.

“Let’

SSS

SSS

ee if they’re

SSS

till here!”

“We’ll gobble them up!”

“Let’

SSS

get tho

S

e rodent

SSS

!”

Shivering squids

, we had to get out of
there fast! So I jumped into the
MIGHTY

leap . . . and landed upside down
in the seat!

“Hold on — we’re leaving!” They
out.

Then the ratsled

took off

down the

icy mountain, and I squealed in

Get them!

Aaaaaaaaaah!

Faster!

We

ZOOMED

down the slope at
super-super-super-high speed,
1

a pine forest. Thea man
around
the trees.

Squeak! I was so
scared.

2
a row of pointy rocks that beat
bottom of the ratsled.

Ow! My poor tail!

3

a deep icy crevasse, when
dodged
curves, jumped over bumps
sharp
turns.

It made me ratsled-sick!

1

2

I'm getting
worried!

Owie!

4

Finally, the crevasse ended with a
bounce that launched us into
super-

miceking speeds!

The ratsled

sailed

high

, then

HIGHER

,

then even

higher

. . . and then went
down

,
down

,
down

, diving into the Forest of a
Thousand Scales.

4

Aaaaaaaah!

3

Help!

What a great
invention!

Luckily,

Thea

was a skilled pilot! She
bounced from

BRANCH

to

BRANCH

until we reached the
coast.

When I finally opened my
were

sliding

in the direction of the

Bated Breath,
which was just a few yards
ratsled
screeched
to a halt — and then broke in
pieces!
“

The ratsled did great!
” Trap said
proudly.
Olaf called out from the ship. “A

“YOU LAZY
CHEESEHEAD!”

Get a move on!

deck, you squishy slugs!
We leave immediately!”

“That means you,
too,

Geronimo

,” he
added.

Hurry up!
Come on!

DRAGON ATTACK!

We

set sail

immediately, taking

advantage

of the favorable winds. I grabbed

and

started rowing to help us along.

“Geronimo, are the

dragons

following

us?” Olaf called out to me.

I

squinted

at the horizon

behind

us — and saw

SIZZLE

,

Bully

, and

CHOMPER

flying right toward us!

“They’re on our tail!” I cried o

Olaf

shook his paw. “Row faster,

everyone, if you don't want to
up like
CODFISH
!"

As we sailed into the port of M
we heard the dragon alarm rin
Lookout Cliff.

Toot-tooooooooooot!

Sven the Shouter ran to meet u
find the

wild mint

?” he asked.

Trap held up the plants. “

Mission

accomplished!

”

Then Sven saw the three flying

“Who told you

cheeseheads

to bring

back the dragons, too?”

We didn't answer, because we

Toot-tooooooooooot!

busy
running
for cover like the rest of
the micekings. We dashed inside
Red
Herring
, the village diner, just as the
dragons
descended
on the village.
They
spewed
flames from their
nostrils.

“Look at all the ta

SSS

ty miceking

SSS

!” said

Sizzle.

“And they’re all for u

SSS

!” added Bully.

“You can gobble up the other c

S

, but

the chubby mou

S

eking is all mine,” said
Chomper. “When I

SSS

ee him, I’ll fry him
in a flash!”

Sven began to shout
orders.

“Load the catapults! Get re
launch!”

But we couldn’t load the catapults
heavy boulders.

Great groaning glaciers

,

they were full of
snow

!

Sizzle began to dive-bomb the

Quick!

Take

shelter!

Dragons!

Run!

streets, trying to
smack

fleeing
mice kings
with his soup ladle!

Panicked
rodents ran
from him as fast as they could.
Thea looked me right in
“Geronimo,
we must do something. The vil
trouble and it’s our fault.”
I knew she was right, but
afraid.

“

B-b-but, they're shooting flames
can we do? Arm ours
snowballs?"

Thea smirked. "That's just
silly
,” she said.

Then she froze. "Wait a minu
not
so silly. You said snow
Geronimo?

That's an icetastic idea!
”

“What? Really?” I asked.

“Fill those buckets with

WATER

,
quickly!” Thea ordered. “Trap,
us!”

Thea had Trap and me carry
the

catapults and dump

ICY WATER

on

the snow. That turned the piles
snow

filling the catapults into

dangerous

balls of

ice

. How clever! The other
micekings

saw us and started copying us.

Sven gave a great shout:

The unexpected rain of ice balls
three dragons by

surprise

. It

cooled

This should work!

“Ready! Aim!

Fire! Fire! Fire!”

Come on, micekings!

Oof!

Hee, hee!

Help!

Ouch!

Let's scram!

down their fiery attacks. They
zagged to avoid the
ice.

Then . . .

BAM

! One ball hit Sizzle on
the nose and he fell into
freezing

water

of the fjord.

Everyone knows that dra
hate

cold

water, and they especially l

it's
clean
!

“Retreat, fa

SSS

t!” Sizzle hissed. “I must
find a pool of hot,

SSS

tinky water. I’m
freezing!”

The dragons flew off, shaking

scaly

tails behind

them.

“Scram, dragons!” Sven shout
won’t get any miceking mea

So

says Sven the
Shouter!”

cheered the
micekings.

“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHO

WHERE'S MY MICEKING HELMET

A little beaten up, but with our
sound, we handed the
wild mint
to our
village chief.

Sven gave a triumphant shout:
The micekings of the village re
with

thunderous
applause.

“As is our tradition, we will

celebrate

the end of this battle with a ba
a barbarian!” Sven added. “We
“

People of Mouseborg,
rejoice! They have found
the wild mint!
Mousehilde
will conquer her cold!”

Drink this!

GLUG

GLUG

GLUG

ourselves like

polar bears

! We will drink

barrels

of finnbrew! And Mousehilde

make her

mousetastic

gloog

!”

Thora rushed off to prepar

mint

tea for her

mother.

everyone

cheered.

So we celebrated Mousehilde's

and our unexpected

victory

in that

WINTER

battle.

“LONG LIVE SVEN THE SHOU

After a triple serving of
gloog, my stomach finally
stopped frightening the
micekins with its
wild

GURGLINGS

.
Suddenly, I
remembered
what
Sven
had said
before our journey.
He had promised
me my very own

MICEKING HELMET
!

Finally! At long, long
last, I had done it.

THORA
might finally
start to

LOOK
at me as if I were a real
mouseking!

Who knows? I thought.

Maybe . .

she will even smile at me!

So I approached Sven. "I am re

valiant chief!” I said
SOLEMNLY.

“Ready for what,
SMARTY-MOUSEKING
?”

Sven asked.

“Ready to receive from you our
honor,” I replied. “A miceking
Sven

SNICKERED

at first, and then
an angry look crossed his
brought
the dragons
right to our village
in the
middle of winter, and you want

Forget it!”

“Not even a tiny helmet?” I p
weakly. “That’s not fair.”

I sighed. Luckily, my
nephew

BENJAMIN

was there to lift my spirits.

He must have noticed my

sad

expression

.

“Even without a micekin

Uncle,

you’re my hero,” he said.

And then he jumped into my a
and Trap joined the
GROUP HUG.

En garde!
Hee, hee!
Great food!
Forget it!
But . . .

“One day you’ll get the helmet
promised.

Trap

SMILED

. “Meanwhile, instead
of a

miceking

helmet, you can wear a
helmet. What do you say
cousin?”

You’ll get one!

You’re our hero!

I love you!

Ah, that's the Stiltonord way!

A united

family

like mine will always

be the greatest reward any
wish

for! And who knows, maybe
really

will have my own miceking he

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER

MICEKING STORY

FOR ANOTHER DAY!

MICEKING ISLAND

Want to read the next ad
of
the micekings? I can't wait
you
all about it!

THE FAMOUSE FJORD RACE

It's the day of the Famouse Fjord
miceking competition to decide
best

sailormouse. Geronimo Stilton
competing, since he's not a
at

all . . . but then he's dragged

Just when he thinks things can
the mice learn that the
preparing
for another attack.
Squeak!

Join me and my friends
we travel through time i
these very special edition

Dear mouse friend
thanks for reading
and good-bye to
the next
book!

WHO IS

More leveling information for this book:

[www.scholastic.com/](http://www.scholastic.com/readinglevel)

[readinglevel](http://www.scholastic.com/readinglevel)

[www.scholastic.com/](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)

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www.geronimostilton.com

Geronimo Stilton

He is a mouseking—the Geronimo of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the frozen lands of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen seas to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings.

ATTACK OF THE DRAGON

The micekings are in a panic. The royal cook is ill, and until she recovers, the

no delicious stew to eat! Geronimo
Stiltonord departs immediately in
search of a cure for her. But on the
way, he ends up snout-to-snout with
terrifying dragons! Can he make it
back with his fur intact?